# Cambria Freeman.

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## GOIN' HOME TO-DAY.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

My business on the jury's done—the quibblin' all is through—
I've watched the lawyers right and left, and give my verdict true;
I stuck so long unto my chair, I thought I would grow in;
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there ag'in.

But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay;
I'm loose at last, and, thank the Lord, I'm going home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy like, since first day I come down.
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town;
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine, on Sunday rightly sets,
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow galls and frets.

I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper-salt and gray—
I'll have it on in half a liff when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one—
As well as any could—to see that things was done;
For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot out doors.
She's very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores.

But nothing prospers half so well when I go off to stay,
And I will put things into shape, when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I come away we had a little bout.
I coolly took my hat and left, before the show was out,
For what I said was naught whereat she ought to take offence;
And she was always quick at words, and ready to commence.

But then she's first one to give up, when she has had her say;
And she will meet me with a kiss, when I go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him, if they can:
It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man!
The gamest, cheeriest little chap, you'd ever want to see;
And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me.

The little rogue! he goes for me, like robbers for their prey;
He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl!—I can't contrive how it should happen thus—
That God could pick that sweet boquet, and fling it down to us!
My wife, she says that handsome face will some day make a stir;
And then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her,

She'll meet me half way down the hill, and kiss me, anyway;
And light my heart up with her smiles, when I go home to-day!

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back again.
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often, I'll be bound,
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em, all around.

But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as it may,
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm goin' home to-day!

## AUNT POLLY'S ADVENTURE WITH THE BURGLAR.

Oh, my, but didn't the wind blow? When I went around the house that night, locking doors and windows before going to bed, there was just a breath of a breeze sighing about—nothing more; but by the time I had fairly plumped upon the pillow, the gale was going it like mad. When I first came to this Western county, I used to be surprised at the quick, unceremonious way storms had of coming upon people—half the time, it seemed to me, out of a clear innocent looking sky.

In my old home I prided myself upon reading the signs of the sky; but here, goodness me, when I thought it would snow, it was sure to rain, and when I could have taken a solemn oath that the clouds were going to pour, why, whisk they'd go, and the sun would shine out as though it was in high glee at having fooled me. So I gave up being a weather prophet, and took it just as it came.

That night everything out of doors seemed to be in commotion. The loose shingles on the house clattered up and down, the windows shook, the blinds rattled, and half the time it seemed to me that the bed on which I lay would be blown through the side of the house. I know I'm a foolish old woman, but at the thought I couldn't help setting my ruffled nightcap straight, and smoothing back my hair, because if I should go, why, there was Deacon Albee's house opposite, and—but Lord bless me, what *am* I saying!

Well, naturally, I was lonesome enough, without child or chick to speak to, but I did very well until somehow I got it into my head that burglars always chose just such nights to do their mischief in. After that I started at every sound, and as there were thumps and clatters on all sides, and in every direction, it isn't to be supposed that I got much rest.

I didn't stop to reason that there was very little in my poor little house to tempt evil-doers. I knew I had forty dollars and eighty cents laid away in my poor departed Jason's old wooden chest, and I felt that to lose that would be a terrible thing to me.

The house was a cottage, with a hall running the length of its two rooms—an "L" being built beyond. My room was at the back, opening into the hall and the front room adjoining. So my eyes went first from one door to the other, lingering, I must say, with more dread upon the one leading into the hall.

"If I should be robbed of that forty dollars and eighty cents——" said I to myself. Just then a blind went whack, and springing up in bed, I began to say the prayer my mother taught me—"Now I lay me down to sleep," though I'm sure it looked a great deal more as though I was sitting up to sleep than lying down.

"What an old fool you are, Polly Quimby!" I began to say, aloud, trying to get up my courage by the sound of my own voice.

At that moment I was sure I heard a step in the little hall, and before I had time to move from my place, the door-latch lifted, the door swung back, and there he stood, the very object that I had been dreading, Mr. Burglar himself.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, in such a polite way, that I found myself in the motion of bowing back, and saying good evening too.

He was a middle-aged man, with mustache and whiskers, and he had the brightest eyes that I ever saw in a person's head. The hair on his temples was quite gray. All in all, he looked like a respectable Christian gentleman, and not a midnight thief.

"Quite a windy evening, ma'am," he went on, as he stepped into the room.—"You must be lonely here by yourself."

Somehow, this touched my temper. I forgot who was speaking, and answered back as tart as could be.

"I prefer to choose my company, sir!"

He laughed, and shrugged up his shoulders.

"You do, indeed! So do I. In this case I have my preference—not you."

Then he sat down leisurely in my rocking chair, and stretched out his feet, as though he intended to stop a while.

"Will you be so kind, sir, as to go about your business? What do you think of yourself, sir, to be intruding upon the privacy of my room at this hour of the night, sir?"

He leaned his head back upon my bright worsted tidy, and laughed fit to kill himself.

"No harm is intended you, my charming woman," he said. "I swear it—no harm is intended you!"

And saying this, he laughed louder and longer than ever.

"Do you come into my house to make game of me before my very eyes?" I asked, my temper pretty much stirred up. "If you were a gentleman, sir——"

This was too much for him.

"A gentleman? Oh, aw—that's too good! If I professed to be a gentleman, you'd stand a good chance of getting your throat cut without so much as 'by your leave, ma'am,' to begin with! A gentleman? With all my faults, thank heaven, *that* is not among them!"

"You needn't have gone on that way to prove it," I said tartly.

"Well, you are a sharp old damsel, aren't you?" turning his big eyes upon me, and twisting up his mouth in a comical way, which I shall never forget. "I swear you'd be pretty good looking, if you didn't wear such a wide ruffle on your nightcap. Jolly fish it is a lunker—big enough for a graveyard fence."

"Sir!" I said, looking very savage.

"Ma'm!" he answered, imitating my voice and tone to perfection.

"Oh, if I were only out of this bed, sir!" I began.

"And pray, madame, what is there to hinder you from getting out, I'd like to know?"

"Do you intend to insult me, you good-for-nothing creature? Oh, if the wind only *would* blow you away."

"If one goes, the other is sure to go too," he said soldly.

"If brother Joe would only waken," I said.

He cocked his eye knowingly.

"You want to make me believe that he is in this house somewhere, eh? My dear madame, you are as transparent as ice. Had he been under this roof, you would have screamed blue murder long before this time."

"Oh, oh, you varmint!" I groaned, in pure agony of spirit. "What *do* you want?"

"Well, ma'am, since that is a fair, honest question, I will attempt to answer it. To begin with, my financial affairs are in a complicated condition. Money, I have but little of—credit, none; so I am forced to levy a trifling tax upon my friends in this and other neighborhoods, to extricate me from my disastrous condition. As soon as I collect a certain amount I intend leaving this country for France or Italy, never, perhaps, to return. Do not shed tears at this, dear madame, for wherever my footsteps tend, your image—ruffled nightcap and all—will remain forever imprinted upon my heart."

"You old goose!" I said.

"Please do not interrupt me, madame; I have but a few moments longer to stay, and I must be to business at once. I have learned that you have deposited in a trunk in an adjoining closet forty dollars and eighty cents. The forty dollars I would like to borrow of you for an indefinite length of time. The eighty cents I do not care anything about. You can return that, as a trifling evidence of my generosity in this great emergency of my life."

"You are a robber, a thief, then!" I said spitefully.

"Either, at your service, madame," rising and making a bow for all the world like a French dancing-master. "Now, the money, if you please."

He wasn't joking now. There was a determined look in his eyes and about his mouth.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," he said, speaking just like a preacher.

"And he that steals from the poor, what of him?"

"My Bible does not dispose of his case especially, madame."

"And you came here to rob me—me, a poor woman?"

"I came to borrow of you, for an uncertain length of time."

I saw it was useless to waste words with him, besides, I didn't altogether like the look in his eyes. I closed my lips tightly together, resolving that I would not speak again.

"If you've no objection, ma'am, I'll look around a bit," he said, taking up the lamp as he spoke. "If I hear any noise from you, my dear, or if I see in any way that you are becoming nervous, I shall be obliged to quiet you by the use of——"

He held up a small vial.

"Chloroform!" I gasped.

"At your service, madame."

"It would be the death of me," I moaned.

"I should be sorry to bring such a loss to the world, but, believe me, all that rests in your own hands. This door leads into the closet where the trunk is, I believe," he said, making straight for the closet where my forty dollars were put away for safe keeping.

I didn't say a word. To tell the truth, the chloroform had scared me nearly out of my wits. He turned the key in the door (I had always kept it locked,) and the trunk was at the further end of it. Let me say here that this closet or store room was in the "L" part of the house, fully a foot lower than my room. Mr. Burglar was not acquainted with this fact. Glancing toward me with his sharp eyes, to see if I was quiet, he took a step forward and went sprawling on all fours. I don't know to this day how he managed to save the lamp as he did, but it was not broken in the fall, and burned as brightly as ever. My wits came to me here. I sprang as lightly as a cat out of bed, and before he could get upon his feet, I had the door of the closet shut and locked upon him. He grew lamb-like in a moment.

"You've done it now, haven't you, my charming creature? I swear I'm in love with you from this hour to the end of time. You've got me tight and fast. What's the use of money now? I'll take the eighty cents and you may have the forty dollars, if you will let me out."

"No, sir; I am going to call the neighbors," I said, resolutely.

"Going with that nightcap on? You'll make your fortune. But don't hurry, that's a dear. Let's have a little friendly talk. Say, I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll let me out."

"Yes, and leave you free to scare some other woman nearly to death—no, sir!"

"Well, then, I'll give you two hundred."

"No, sir."

"Name your price then, dear girl. I suppose every woman has her price—they say every man has."

"No; it wouldn't be right," I said, hesitatingly.

I heard him chuckle:

"First step toward it; she begins to talk of what is right."

I thought of my poor girl out to work by the week, and so anxious to get an education, and I'm sure it isn't to be wondered at if I did begin to think of setting a price. But I said not a word.

"Look here! I'll put five hundred dollars in good sound gold under the door, and you can count it as I push it through piece by piece, if you'll only let me out of this cursed hole. I'm smothering."

"Try some chloroform," I whispered through the keyhole.

"Curse the chloroform! *Will* you let me out?"

I had a light by this time, and had slipped into a calico wrapper and my slippers.

"If I got the money, how could I let him out of the closet?" I wondered. "I should not dare to meet him; he'd rob me again, and perhaps murder me." But I said, "I'll take the gold," resolving that I would try to get out of it somehow, just for the sake of Rebecca, who so much wanted to go to school.

"Your heart is in the right place," he said, and the next moment a big round gold piece came through the wide crack under the door.

I couldn't withhold an exclamation of delight.

"It's right enough now, isn't it?" he sneered. "There's nothing like gilding over one's sins a little. Eah! all the world's alike! Here goes another, and another, and another. Count fast, my pious damsel. I dare say there's no confessional in your church."

"Is there in yours?"

"Well, if there was, gold couldn't get into it, I reckon. Hold fast there; you've got the last clinker; now set me free."

"Wait a minute!"

"But I won't wait. I swear I won't!"

"Can you help yourself?"

"Well, no, not much; but I'm smothering in here. Can't you take pity on a poor fellow?"

"Sit down flat on the floor," I said.

I heard him plump down as obedient as a school boy.

"What next?"

I turned to the kitchen door to see if the lock was all right. Then I turned the key with a sharp click, which sounded to me like the report of a pistol.

"I'm here!" I cried, and sprang into the kitchen, locking the door behind me.

He came out of his prison, swearing like a trooper.

"Sharp old Satan, she's locked herself up somewhere," trying the kitchen door as he spoke. "Good night, Madame De'il—good night! You've got the best of this. You have robbed me. Good night—get down and say your prayers."

And I did. What is more, I cried like a baby over my money, thinking what it would bring to us.

I never saw the strange burglar again, and in a few weeks Rebecca was comfortably established at school. No one ever knew where the money came from. An uncle died about that time, and some of my neighbors shrewdly suspected that he had left us something; but I had nothing to say upon the subject.

About six months after my adventure, brother Joe came to me one day and said that he had been stopped in the street by a strange man that morning, and that he had begged him to say to Madame Quimby that *the frill of her nightcap was just a little too wide!* So saying, he passed on.

"What did it mean?" Joe asked.

"Nothing, only that he was crazy," I answered quickly; but my face was as red as a blaze.

PARROTY IMPERTINENCE.—Mr. Butler, of Indiana, a gentleman much given to prayer-meetings, owns a parrot, a very noisy one, which in swearing we devoutly believe would stand a fair chance in a competition with the "Army in Flanders."—We don't like to say anything ugly about that parrot, but we trust and believe that it would be a blessing to the neighborhood if—if it would hang itself. Here is an instance of its rascality:

On the occasion of one of Mr. Butler's tri-weekly prayer meetings, a large congregation assembled, and the parrot was present. During an unusually lengthened prayer which was uttered by a pious individual, who seemed to be praying by the furlong, the head of the house became drowsy and resigned himself to the rosy god of slumber. Immediately those proceeded from the nasal organ snores which were loud and *very* interesting. The parrot eyed him awhile in silence and then complacently observed:

"*Holy Moses—if old Butler ain't asleep!*"

IT is a curious fact, that if the same letters of the same size precisely are painted on two boards, the one white on a black ground, and the other black on a white ground, that the white letters will appear larger, and be read at a greater distance than the black. This is owing to what is called the irradiation of light. It depends on this: That the impression made on the eye by bright objects extends a little wider than the actual portion of the organ struck by the light, and, invading the space occupied by the darker objects, makes the brighter appear larger than they really are.

MISS CONSTRUCTION—Whalebone and padding, powder and paint.

## COLD CUSTARD.

A very marked character was Deacon H., who was a long time a citizen of St. Louis, until he took his departure from this mundane sphere to reap the reward of an exemplary life. A few years ago, when the temperance excitement—of which Father Matthew was the great high priest—prevailed so generally over the eastern and western States, no greater enthusiast lent his energies to the advancement of total abstinence principles than Deacon H. He was about fifty years of age, and a bachelor, and so much abashed by the presence of ladies, that save in the way of business, he always took good care to avoid them.

He held as a point of conscience that whoever traveled in the service of the church should pay his own expenses. This singular crotchet cashed him to be in great demand as a delegate to synods, general assemblies, etc., of the church. These occasions were anxiously looked for by his clerks, who took advantage of his absence to relax a little from that severe propriety of deportment, which was exacted from them when he was present. In other words—their own—"they always had a good time when the old man was away."

Christmas was approaching, and the boys were delighted when they learned that "Old Stub-and-Twist"—as they irreverently designated him among themselves—would be off to a convention during Christmas. In Deacon H.'s store was a long counter from end to end, the only one of the kind pertaining to any establishment whose clerks were to be set with the deacon's. Although it was rather risky, in the event of a discovery, it was determined to hold the Christmas festivities where this long counter could be utilized for the purpose of eating out to advantage the "gobblings" spread it was resolved upon to have on his extraordinary occasion, to come off after the store was closed at night. Numerous guests were invited, and every preparation was made to cheer the hearts and stomachs of the expected participants. No envious person would expect, of course, that anything could, by any possibility, be overlooked, for what would Christmas festivities be without its luxuries and delicacies? Consequently a huge bowl of the unsophisticated was prepared as the *piece de resistance* of the occasion.

Much solicitude was felt as to the premature return of the deacon, which would involve the necessity of selecting another scene for the festivities, but the eventful evening arrived without him or any word of him. At eleven o'clock precisely, the "whiffletrees were rowed up," the doors having been privately closed, as well as any loose array of curtains would permit the escape of a ray of light. The Rose was to be a "close corporation," even from the knowledge of which all were to be excluded save the elect. At the conclusion of a certain gigantic yawn from the nasal organ of many individuals, which would have done credit to a bull-dog, the preparations for which would have been a battery without flinching.

After a brief consultation the door was opened cautiously, and in walked the deacon, causing such a consternation as might have been experienced by a flock of sheep on the advent of a wolf. He had traveled all day on horseback, making a forced march for the purpose of being able to spend Sunday the next day in his usual haunts. Very unexpectedly, he manifested no displeasure at what was going on, but on the contrary expressed himself as very glad to see something to eat, as he had partaken of no food since an early dinner that day. The prospect of having him for a guest rather put a damper on the spirits of the company, for he was nothing as a "gay and festive cuss," being, in fact, a moralist to the scotch firemaster who asked a blessing when about to kiss his sweetheart. Consequently was taken to covertly smuggle the bowl of egg-nog into the back room, and as it was the only contraband article present, serenity was restored as soon as it was out of the way.—After the solemn invocation of a blessing by the deacon the feast began, and progressed as satisfactorily as could have been expected with such a skeleton in the closet. But the bowl of egg-nog stuck in every gizzard. It was too bad that it should remain in the back-room wasting its sweetness on the desert air.

At length one of the clerks, with a knowing wink, asked the chief if there was not a bowl of cold custard in the back-room. He was answered by a deprecatory and very cautionary look, but it was too late. The deacon had heard the question and answered, "If you have, bring it in, for I am particularly fond of custard." Of course there was no backing out possible now, and so the cold custard was brought in and with much misgiving served out to the company. Every one expected that the deacon would instantly detect what it was when there would be a big rumpus and no mistake; but he was more sophisticated than they suspected, for he had never tasted egg-nog in his life. Some consternation was experienced when he passed up a bowl for his rations, saying he liked to soak bread in it and eat it with a spoon, for while they imagined he might be ultimately be pacified as to the mere presence of the intoxicating fluid, they knew he would never forgive them allowing him to get drunk on it unwittingly.

This seemed likely to be the inevitable result, however, as when he had finished his bowl he passed it for a second deal, saying that it was the best custard he had ever tasted in his life. When he got thro' he sat down by the hot stove, and as he had been riding all day in the cold and was chilled to the bone, he soon began to experience the combined influence of thawing out and becoming permeated with a large dose of an unaccustomed stimulant. "How strangely I feel," he said; "it is astonishing what a curious effect is produced by sitting at a hot fire after getting chilled through by riding all day in the cold," finishing his sentence by a very ominous yawn. Soon he would have fallen on the floor had not one of the clerks held him up, and then with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, a successful effort was made to get him on a lounge in the back-room, where he instantly sank into a drunken stupor. It is scarcely necessary to say that the boys took advantage of the circumstance to have their high old time to their hearts' content.

The deacon failed to put in his appearance next morning at his favorite church, being too busily engaged in sleeping off the effects of cold custard, a job which he did not get through with till late in the afternoon. He never suspected the cause of his long slumber, but attributed it to the effects of cold and fatigue. Finding, on inquiry, that the custard had been made in the store, he asked for the recipe for making it, as he wished his sister to make some at home, and a formula was given him selected from a cookery book, but she never was able to make any to suit him. He said it didn't taste at all like that he had eaten at the store, as it was not likely it would, seeing there was no liquor in it. It was a favorite boast of his that no spirituous liquor had ever entered his mouth, and the worthy deacon died with that delusion. And this is the true story of how a deacon got corned.

## A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A LOVE STORY IN BRIEF—A MAN FAITHFUL THROUGH THE GREATEST TRIALS —A MARRIAGE AT LAST.

There arrived in this city a few days since, from a small town in Pennsylvania, a young man of rather prepossessing appearance, whose haggard and careworn countenance and anxious inquiries attracted the attention of all who came in contact with him. Some of the authorities became interested in his case, and in answer to their interrogatories he told his story briefly, as follows:

Some years ago, when but a boy in his teens, he had lived with his parents in a rural Pennsylvania home. On an adjoining farm lived a neighbor who was possessed of a daughter, a pretty, vivacious little girl, the pride of the village. The lad was her senior by two or three years, and, as might have been expected, became enamored of the pretty lass. She reciprocated his sentiments, and the two became devotedly attached. Summer and winter, in season and out of season, the twain were together. In the winter season he accompanied her to paring-bees and singing-schools; in the spring-time they went fishing together and dug sassafras, and as the long summer twilights approached, they swung on her father's gate until the old gentleman's patience and the hinges were both strained almost beyond endurance. All went happy as a marriage bell, or perhaps it wouldn't be putting it too strong to say a whole Troy bell foundry. But it was too happy to always last, and the sad end came.

"*Alle guten dinge sind dret*"—"All good things are three"—is an old and well authenticated German proverb, which the experience of the young man sadly fails to verify; for the advent of the third party upon the scene well nigh brought ruin to all three. It is the old story. A young man of handsome appearance, well versed in the ways of the world and utterly devoid of humor, made the acquaintance of the innocent girl. The old lover was discarded for the more stylish looking stranger, and the poor young girl fell a victim to the seducer's wiles. She eloped and, sad to say, she fled from home and entered upon a life of shame.—So well did she conceal all traces of her whereabouts that all searches by her first and only true love were fruitless. He gave up almost in despair, but the spark of hope was still kept alive in his breast by the intensity of his love, and he waited patiently through long years, true to the memory of the beloved and lost.

The girl went on from one degree of shame to another, until all traces of her former beauty were obliterated, and she sank to the lowest depths. For a number of years she had resided in various houses of prostitution in this city, lately being an inmate of a low den on Union street. There her old lover got clue to her whereabouts, and without a moment's delay he hastened to the city. When his case was made known, he was aided in his search by friends, and the girl was soon found. She had become so hardened in vice that she manifested very little emotion when she came face to face with her old lover. The poor fellow was too overjoyed to heed or care for her present condition, and seemed to think he had regained all he had lost. The parties were speedily reconciled, and the girl was entirely willing to abandon her dissolute life for an honorable marriage. He was only to glad to forgive and forget.—The couple spent a happy day in the city Monday, and left for Elyria, where the nuptials were celebrated yesterday. Such was the denouement of one of the most remarkable cases of genuine true love on record, and those who preach of *woman's* constancy and devotion, will have to search long before finding an example to equal that displayed by the poor Pennsylvania lover. May his future be as happy as his past has been unfortunate.—*Cleveland Herald.*

SAVED HER LIFE, BUT LOST HER BUSTLE.—Recently a party went yachting on Lake Erie. Among them was a beautiful young lady dressed in the latest style. Her waist was compressed into aristocratically small dimensions—in fact her whole attire was the pink of fashionable perfection—while the luxuriant proportion of her bustle gave an air of majesty to her *tout ensemble* which it is impossible to describe. And, unfortunately for her, and fortunately for the crew of the yacht, as it was proved, she was bound to return in the yacht. The night was dark, and thinking that they would return earlier, the amateur seamen had forgotten to bring lights for their yacht, and when they were near the city, among the sailing craft, they were in danger of being run down by the mail steamer, which was heading for them directly. It was a moment of anxiety and difficulty to those on board the yacht. All that the party had on board to make a light and attract the attention of the steamer's crew were a few matches which were useless without any other combustible. The gentlemen were non-plussed; but not so with one of the ladies, who in the moment of trial and danger produced a small bundle of newspapers, which was lighted, and so gave the steamer warning and saved the yacht and its trembling occupants. The appearance of the young lady as she stepped on shore revealed the secret. To save the yacht she had sacrificed her bustle.

A young man named Gill, of Gaines, Mich., went to bed and dreamed that a tree was falling toward him. In his frantic efforts to escape he jumped into the middle of the floor and thence through a window over two tree-tops, landing in the snow nine feet from the building and thirty feet from his bed. The window was badly smashed, but he wasn't hurt at all.

WHAT roof covers the noisiest tenant? The roof of the mouth.

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - December 13, 1872.


On Monday last, in the national House of Representatives, Gen. BANKS offered a resolution fixing the President's salary at $50,000 per year after the 4th day of March next, and also proposing an amendment to the Constitution providing that the President shall hold office for six years and be ineligible for re-election, and that the President and Vice President shall be elected directly by the people on the same day that the election of Representatives to Congress takes place.

THE President has appointed JAS. L. ORR, of South Carolina, Minister to St. Petersburg. Pennsylvania having long enjoyed almost a monopoly of this mission, it was not surprising that the chronic vanity of JOHN W. GEARY induced him to seek the coveted position, in order that he might exhibit in *propria persona* his "bullet riddled" body to the Emperor of all the Russias. Intensely loyal as he is and has been, he has been rudely thrust aside and the honor conferred on one of the most conspicuous rebels of the South. Is this what GRANT calls backing his friends? What will be done for GEARY after he retires to the peaceful shades of New Cumberland? If this government maintained an envoy at *Crete*, and if the present inhabitants of that island inherit the well-known infirmity of their ancestors, *that*, above all other places in the wide world, would be the one to which GRANT ought to accredit the hero for whom STONEWALL JACKSON entertained such a constant and overpowering dread. There would be a sublime fitness of things diplomatic in such an appointment.

No member of the Senate of the United States ever more thoroughly disgraced himself than SIMON CAMERON succeeded in doing, on the day after that body convened. Senator FENTON, of New York, had prepared some remarks on the death of HORACE GREELEY, and Mr. SUMNER intended to follow him, but when Mr. FENTON sought to get the floor, CAMERON cut him off by a motion to adjourn, and although Mr. FENTON implored him to withdraw it, the old hoary-headed Winnebago swindler stubbornly refused to do so, and the object of the New York Senator was thus defeated.

The House of Representatives, with infinite credit, had promptly testified its appreciation of the country's loss by the adoption of appropriate resolution's and its respect for Mr. GREELEY's eminent services, but it was reserved for SIMON CAMERON to act the part of a political *Thug* in the Senate. When a feeling of profound sorrow pervaded the country over the melancholy event, CAMERON, with a heart capacious of such ineffable meanness and without any of the milk of human kindness in his veins, had the brazen effrontery to stand up in his place in the American Senate and prevent an appropriate expression of sympathy and regret for the departed journalist. It was the jackass kicking at the dead lion. His partisan and unfeeling conduct has met with severe and merited denunciation from the papers of both parties. Forney in his *Press* does himself the credit of saying:

> There are some men so dead to patriotism and indifferent to conscience as to make politics a business of pecuniary profit and to prostitute all public service to this base end. Of course, such narrow-minded and small-hearted persons elevate party above all considerations of honor and decency. The United States Senate yesterday, at the motion of one man, was compelled to refuse to adjourn out of respect to Mr. Greeley, or even to listen to an eulogy of him. And this individual was not worthy to loosen the latchets of the dead man's shoes.

RADICALISM, and its twin sister, carpet-bagism, in the Southern States are proverbially lawless and revolutionary. The present condition of affairs in Alabama is a case in point. At the recent election, although GRANT carried the State and LEWIS (Radical) was elected Governor, the Democrats secured a majority of the members of the Legislature. A Senator of the United States was to be chosen to succeed GEORGE E. SPENCER, whose term of office expires on the 4th of next March. In order to prevent a Democrat from being elected in his place, GRANT's United States Marshal arrested several Democratic members on their way to the capital and hurried them to Mobile on some vague and trumped up charge of having violated the election laws of the State. They promptly furnished bail for their appearance before the proper Court and forthwith started for Montgomery, the seat of government. The Democratic members, thus having a majority in each House, met in the capitol and organized, and were recognized as the lawful and rightful Legislature by Governor LINDSAY, who then filled the executive chair. The Radical *minority* met in a hall in a different part of the city. In the Senate, seats were given to *four* persons none of whom held certificates of election. In the House, *three* others were given seats on bogus certificates issued subsequently to the certificates first given to the Democratic candidates. In this fraudulent way a quorum of each House was obtained, and LEWIS, the Governor elect, was then inaugurated and recognized the *Rump* as the legal Assembly. The disgraceful farce was appropriately concluded by the re-election of SPENCER to the Senate.

A committee representing each of these bodies has laid its own case before the Attorney General at Washington and solicited the intervention of the general government in its behalf. What business the government has to interfere in the quarrel we cannot perceive, and we trust that GRANT will keep his hands off and permit the difficulty to be adjusted by the State authorities. SPENCER and his faction, who have been at the bottom of all this trouble, are in bad odor at Washington with the Republican members of Congress, who generally repudiate their illegal assemblage and express a decided disapprobation of their revolutionary proceedings.

## *South Carolina.*

So much has been written and published about the curse of negro rule in South Carolina, that the story of her wrongs has became a household word. There is no spot in the civilized world so terribly misgoverned, and where the people are so systematically plundered by a set of ignorant, rapacious and corrupt officials. How could it be otherwise under the rule of a negro Governor, a negro Speaker of the Senate, a negro Speaker of the House, two-thirds of both Houses negroes, the chairman of nearly every important committee a negro, the clerk of the House and State Treasurer both negroes, and all the members of Congress, except one, negroes. Even the Chief Justice is a negro. In a word, the State is completely Africanized and the lamentable results are plainly seen and well known to the country. It is a sad picture to contemplate in this "the freest country on the face of the earth," and in which "the party of great moral ideas," holds full and undisputed sway.

In order that our readers may form some adequate conception of the *dark* and gloomy situation of affairs in that negro-ridden commonwealth, we lay before them the following letter addressed to the New York *World* by its correspondent at Columbia, the capital of the State:

> COLUMBIA, S. C., November 26.—"The name of commonwealth is past and gone." The Palmetto is shorn of its glory and strength, and South Carolina, once among the proudest of States, lies bleeding and humiliated. If any one can take pleasure in contemplating a State entirely given up to a negro government, and almost completely emasculated of its intelligence, enterprise, energy, and wealth, let him look here and take his fill of such wretched satisfaction. The recent election has driven the State at least a hundred fathoms deeper into financial ruin and political degradation than before. Every representative in Congress a negro except Wallace, and he lower in the estimation of the whites than any of his negro colleagues. The Legislature made up of negroes and white renegades, with here and there a decent man from some Democratic county, who feels when he comes here like a cat in a strange garret, and will be laughed at for his pains if he opposes the tide of corruption. The State offices filled with the worst of the thing, and Moses, covered from head to heel with fraud and corruption, placed in the Governor's chair.
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> That matters here are worse than ever, no wide-awake observer can for a moment doubt. There is really no law but the will and pleasure of the Radical ring. The juries are more largely made up of negroes than ever before. Of thirty-six petit jurors recently drawn for a common pleas term in Charleston there were only three white men, and those of the lowest class. So in other counties, the jury-boxes are filled with negroes, and the verdicts are ridiculously at variance with the law and the facts. Negroes commit all the crimes in the calendar and are turned loose on straw bail, and if tried and convicted are pardoned as soon as they reach Columbia. The Legislature is largely made up of their comrades, and there is scarcely a man in any of the departments who is not in sympathy with them. The only class who stand no chance in this States are the whites. On the slightest complaint they are arrested and the utmost rigor applied to their bail requirements. In this way they are time and again tortured by the lowest scoundrels in official position. Even refined and sensitive ladies are often subjected to this species of annoyance, and however wrongfully disturbed and mortified they have no redress. In some counties Ku-Klux arrests continue to be made, and in others threats of such arrests are held in terrorism over the whites. The taxes are enormous, closely verging on confiscation, and property already assessed four or five times beyond its value is certain to be rated several thousand dollars higher if the slightest repairs or improvements are made upon it. Hence torpor and a general dead-lock affect the people at large, and the white people in large numbers are leaving the State, the most of them making their way to Texas, although many of them have gone or are going to other distant localities. This is by no means a hegira of choice, for never did Scotch or Pole or child of Erin turn the exile's last look upon his country with more sadness in the eye or a deeper sorrow in the heart. Daily they go, they go; and those who have yet to remain are made still more desolate for they know "they come back no more."
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> Everything here is changed and changing still from day to day. The population changes, the customs, habits and laws of the people are changed, and the government in its reverse in every particular of what it ever was when decency and intelligence ruled. Some local improvements are visible about Columbia, based on the supposed trade and money which the Legislature may bring to this centre. If there is any money in the State these vampire rulers will have it, by fair means or foul, and here they must spend some of it, for here they will chiefly live and riot in every excess. Easy made and quickly spent is the motto of many of them, and they care nothing for the expense, knowing how easily they can pluck the tax-payers at pleasure.
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> Some interest is taken in the question of United States Senators, but whoever of the number named may be elected it may safely be announced that Sawyer's successor will be his inferior and of decidedly a lower type in every way. *Facile descensus*—here we have it to the full—down grade, brakes gone, and under full headway the descent is being made. If any man here cannot see and feel this he must be blind enough to be duped by the preaching of Moses, the homilies of Cain and the unctuous and wheezy prayers of the mulatto Cardozo.

HON. SAMUEL NELSON, of New York, has resigned his seat as one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was appointed by President POLK in 1845 and is now 80 years old. Under an act of Congress, he retires from the position he so long adorned by his legal learning and ability, on full pay. There now remains but *one* member of the Court who was appointed by a Democratic President, NATHAN CLIFFORD, of Maine, who was commissioned by Mr. BUCHANAN in 1858. The remaining *eight* Judges are the appointees of LINCOLN and GRANT. WARD HUNT, of Utica, has been appointed the successor of Judge NELSON. He may be competent for the place, but he is unknown to judicial fame outside of his own State. But such are the strange and incomprehensible ways of GRANT when high and responsible places of public trust are to be filled.

GENERAL AMNESTY is dead for the present at least. The bloody chasm still yawns, and is of such breadth that there can be no clasping of hands over it. Mr. Boutwell's advice has been taken, and eighty-four Republican members of Congress, amongst whom were all the Republican representatives of Pennsylvania, voted against it, thereby defeating the two-thirds necessary to the passage of the bill. The strife is not yet ended. Butler and Cameron and Kelley, and others of like implacable dispositions, still incline to a spirit of enmity. They will neither bury nor forget past differences; and, what is more to the discredit of the Republican party, General GRANT sides with the implacables.

## *The Centennial Celebration.*

**An Address to the People of the State of Pennsylvania from the Corporators, for Pennsylvania, of the U. S. Centennial Board of Finance.**

As citizens of the State in which the nation has ordained that the Centennial Exhibition commemorative of our independence is to be held, the opportunity is now presented to you to take your share in the responsibility resting upon the people of the United States to see that the exhibition shall be commensurate with the events it is to celebrate and the progress it is to exemplify.

Since the "World's Fair," held at London in 1851, international exhibitions have been recognized as uniting the most potential and far-reaching agencies for promoting the progress and the material interests of mankind ever devised, and they are always especially beneficial to the country in which they are held. The late Wm. H. Seward, when Secretary of State, said of them, in communicating to Congress the U. S. Reports on the Paris Exposition of 1867:

> "Their beneficient influences are many and widespread; they advance human knowledge in all directions. Through the universal language of the products of labor the artisans of all countries hold communication; ancient prejudices are broken down; nations are fraternized; generous rivalries in the peaceful fields of industry are excited; the tendencies to war are lessened, and a better understanding between capital and labor is fostered. * * * One of their most salutary results is the promotion of an appreciation of the true dignity of labor and its paramount claims to consideration as the basis of national wealth and power. Such exhibitions have become national necessities and duties."

Great Britain, France and other leading powers have instructed and entertained the world with such exhibitions; Austria is rapidly completing one which will open in 1873, and it is eminently appropriate that America should assert her place in this respect, as she has in others, among the powers most actively contributing to the advancement of mankind.

At a meeting of this body held in the city of Philadelphia, on the 7th instant, the following resolution was adopted:

*Resolved*, That all national banks, and other incorporated banking or saving institutions in the State, are hereby requested and authorized to act as agents to receive subscriptions to the stock, and that in counties where no incorporated banks or savings institutions exist, the corporators representing such counties shall designate private banks or bankers to act as agents for such purpose, and each corporator may designate to the Executive Commissioner such private banks in his district as he may deem advisable. All agents appointed shall receive subscriptions in accordance with the rules adopted by the United States Centennial Commission.

It is confidently hoped and believed that all agents so appointed will cheerfully accept the patriotic duty for which they have been selected, and in this way aid the important work. In compliance with the resolution, those agents will be promptly supplied with subscription books in which the people may subscribe for stock.

We are now called upon to take our quota of the stock, which has been apportioned according to the act of Congress of June 1, 1872, on the basis of population, and amounts to 91,341 shares at ten dollars per share, calling for $913,410, the population of the State being 3,521,951.

It is provided by the act of Congress that, at the close of the exhibition, all the property is to be converted into cash, and after payment of liabilities, the net assets are to be divided among the stockholders. No flattering promises, however, are made of great prospective profits from the investment in this stock. The promptings of patriotism, and a no less elevated motive, should actuate us.

Money is the first and immediate requisite for the successful prosecution of the vast labors of the Centennial Commission; and it must be secured within the proper time, for the exhibition is to be international, and it is to represent the universal range of human industry and art, and all natural products, as well as all the varied results of human skill, thought, and imagination.

Let us, therefore, arise to the work as one body, with such an organized movement as will inspire a generous emulation and secure the entire subscription for our quota of stock in the shortest possible time.

The eyes of the world are upon this, the chosen State, which, above all, should be true to its heritage of that holy temple of freedom, Independence Hall, the sacred spot from which emanated that sublime declaration, the corner-stone of our nationality and progress, the palladium of our liberties and our rights.

DANIEL M. FOX, Chairman.

PRODUCTS FROM THE FAR WEST.—From time to time, letters extolling the richness of the soil in the Far West, especially on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and describing the wonderful growth of cereals, have been published and read with avidity by all who are interested in agriculture. The praises rung through all this correspondence are not exaggerations, but express with fidelity the remarkable fertility and productiveness of those Western lands. We had the pleasure this morning of examining specimens of this year's crop of oats and wheat grown in Frickly Pear Valley, Montana Territory, which was forwarded to Jay Cooke & Co., financial agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad. We saw oats that measured fourteen inches in the head, and yielded an average of one hundred and two bushels to the acre; and wheat, the heads of which are five inches long and from one and one-half to one and three-quarters inches broad, and producing one hundred bushels to the acre. There was one specimen bag of fine winter wheat, grown in Gallatin county, Montana Territory, that gave a yield of twelve hundred bushels from thirty bushels sown. The wheat on the stalk was from five to six feet in height, and these specimens were not selected as representing the maximum growth, but are indications of the average production. The cause of this wonderful fecundity of the soil is the presence in it of 50 per cent. of pure lime. In the same Territory veins of bituminous coal, pure white marble, and sulphur have been developed. The Northern Pacific Railroad is opening to our farmers one of the richest agricultural sections to be found in the world.—*N. Y. World.*

WHAT IS AHEAD.—The schemes proposed by President GRANT in his message, and which may be taken as indicative of his programme for the next term, are exceedingly magnificent.

He reccommends the adoption of the postal telegraph system at an expenditure of from twelve to twenty millions and an increase of officeholders by some sixty or eighty thousand persons; the building of a ship canal around Niagara Falls at the expense of fifteen to twenty millions more; canals to connect the Mississippi Valley with the Atlantic at a cost of fifty millions; "continuous land-locked navigation from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico;" and the expenditure of twenty-five millions in mail subsidies "during the next five years."

All these involve centralization, corruption, lobby legislation, swindles, and a general bedevilment of everybody in Congress and out.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## *The Diamond Hoax.*

**STATEMENT OF COOPER, THE WITNESS WHO EXPOSED THE SWINDLE.**

SAN FRANCISCO, December 7.—J. B. Cooper's statement to the Executive Committee of the Lent-Harpending Diamond Company is to the following effect: I was book-keeper for the Diamond Drill Company here; knew Arnold six years; Arnold knew much about diamonds; he learned more of me about the way in which they were deposited in mature kind of ground; thought he could produce diamonds by artificial means. Diamonds were generally found in beds that extend along rivers in tropical countries in gravely soil. Arnold said that in Arizona he saw an Indian Chief's wife with a bracelet of sparkling stones; obtained it from her; would go back to look for natural deposits. On his return he told Cooper that he had a big thing in view. Slack and himself were the only persons that knew the secret. He offered great inducements not to enter into the scheme. In 1871 he made a trip with Arnold and Slack in New Mexico; collected quite a number of rubies; returned to this city; decided to get a large capitalist interested in their plans. Arnold suggested overtures to Harpending, a gentleman of high standing conversant with money matters. Arnold then wrote to Harpending in London asking co-operation in developing diamond mines. Arnold and Slack went to New York and enlisted Barlow. When Lent and Harpending reached that city from London, Arnold exhibited the gems. A council was held. Lent and Harpending came to San Francisco to form a company. Arnold saw that he might make a bold strike to gain $50,000, crossed the Canada line, sailed from Quebec to London; in London made the acquaintance of two American sailors; paid $5,000 to each to take an oath of secrecy to conceal the business; ordered them to go to different jewelers in London to buy diamonds; got in that way $37,000 worth; took the steamer for Quebec; crossed the border; went to St. Louis and thence to Angora, bought a large lot of rubies, garnets and sapphires; then returned to San Francisco; counseled Cooper. Roberts, Lent, Harpending and Dodge went to New York, but the Wall street men were shy, and they did not meet with much success there; wanted an expert in whom the New York men could place confidence.—Janin was suggested and consulted. He was permitted to test some of the diamonds. Janin accepted offers to go to the field. Seack and Arnold were to go ahead to Denver to pilot them from that place to the field. They went on and selected a mesa near the Denver mountains on a few acres; scattered the diamonds and other precious stones. The party was piloted into the fields; hunted diamonds close each day; Arnold told Janin the price of the gems. Janin made the report, the party remaining to watch the claims.

The above is all thus far elicited from the witness Cooper.

HORRIBLE MURDER OF AN OLD MAN IN WASHINGTON COUNTY.—A shocking murder was perpetrated in the town of Eldersville, Washington county, on Wednesday night. The victim was John Allingham, aged 70. He kept a small store, and, with his wife, occupied a room on the first floor. On that night he retired at the usual time, and about midnight Mrs. Allingham was awakened by the terrific report of a gun fired in the room, and discovered that one of her fingers had been nearly shot off. A discovery of far more import was speedily made; her husband, who lay in bed beside her, was dead. He had been murdered by the deadly load of which her hand received a stray slug. She raised an immediate alarm and the neighbors came in. Mr. Allingham had been shot in the head with a heavy load of slugs; a considerable portion of his skull was blown away, while his brains and blood were scattered all about.

Further investigations showed that the shot had been fired from the outside thro' the window. It was evident that the deed had been deliberately planned, and full preparations had been made for its execution. A little platform was erected just by the window as a rest for the instrument of death. This unique instrument was also found. It was a piece of gas or water-pipe, about five feet long and having a two inch bore. This strange weapon was heavily loaded with slugs; the murder evidently was not committed for the purpose of robbery, for the building was not entered.

The detectives of Pittsburg were sent to the scene of murder and have succeeded in forming a strong chain of circumstantial evidence around a negro carpenter named Henry Briceland. Suspicion was first attracted towards him by reports of an enmity that had existed between them for several years. Briceland stoutly protested his innocence, affected great horror at the news, and asserted he could prove he was not in the locality on the night of the murder. Detective Cupples went to Paris Cross Roads, a few miles from Eldersville, where Briceland had been at work. While looking around he found two or three knots of wood, which were like a pin, upon the platform, at Allingham's house, and which he had in his pocket. An examination proved that they exactly fitted; thus encouraged the detectives examined further and found a piece of pipe similar to that forming the murderous missile. He called upon Briceland and showed him his discoveries, but the negro still insisted that he could prove an *alibi*—that he was not out of the house on the night. The detective went to his boarding-house and was informed that Briceland had gone to bed early and was about the house early in the morning. The detectives then went to the room, and found that a window opened from it into a field, and in this he could trace footprints toward and from Allingham's house. A hidden pair of boots fitted these tracks, and besides there were finger-marks upon the window-sill, blackened as if by powder. This evidence was deemed conclusive and Briceland was committed to jail to await his trial. He is a desperate character and rough stories are told against him.

A ROMANCE FROM REAL LIFE.—Charles Smith, who some weeks since got in with a freight conductor, rode in the caboose with him from Zanesville and stole his watch, has been arrested at Columbus Ohio, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and turns out to be a girl named Goldsborough. Years ago she was a thief in Columbus.—Two years after leaving she returned in boy's clothes, got employment in a saloon, slept with the proprietor for three months without discovery of sex, then stole his money and left. Since then she has been a bar-keeper and driver on the canal, and when arrested had a love letter with a lock of hair in her pocket, showing that she had won the affections of an artless damsel in Cleveland, and engaged to marry her. The watch was pawned in Cincinnati in the name of the conductor from whom it was stolen.

—The stockade of the famous prison at Andersonville, Ga., used by the rebels during the war, is falling into decay, and the "dead line" has been nearly obliterated. The thirty-five wells which the prisoners dug with cups and spoons still remain, and a remarkable spring, discovered one morning after a thunder-storm, still sends out a little stream. The cemetery is said to contain 18,000 graves.

## *News and Political Items.*

—A disease similar to the epizooty is killing the children of Le Clare, Io.

—St. Louis has a policeman named Heavens, and Chicago has one named 'Ell.

—Whitelaw Reid is the choice of the stockholders of the *Tribune* for editor.

—Walter Scott, of Michigan, is on trial forshooting his father-in-law, Oliver Cromwell.

—The Washington *Chronicle* says: "Geo. Washington's nurses are dying off like sheep."

—Ex-Governor Curtin waited on Gen. Grant on Saturday. What has Cameron to say about it?

—There are over 500 widows of Revolutionary pensioners alive yet in the country. Matrimony must have been catching in '76.

—Over fifty thousand citizens of New York viewed the remains of Horace Greeley, as the body lay in state at the City Hall.

—Joseph Pratt is the name of an Iowa young man who run a needle into his wrist fifteen years ago, and has just extracted it from his heel.

—A dispatch from Columbus, Indiana, says a club of ten persons in that town hold ticket number 6450, which drew $75,000 in Louisville on Saturday.

—A remorseful man in Troy, N. Y., lately left, while on his death-bed, $10,000 to a woman whom he had jilted a number of years before. Jilted women embrace hope.

—David Moore, who murdered his wife at Dover, New Jersey, last week, was arrested at Phillipsburg, N. J., on Sunday night. He was taken to Morristown and placed in jail.

—The feeling of respect for the memory of Horace Greeley was so general that even in London when his death was announced public meetings were held for the purpose of expressing regret and sympathy.

—An old gentleman and his wife went to Chicago the other day, in search of two missing daughters, and stepping into a theatre for an evening's relaxation, found their offspring dancing in the ballet.

—It is proposed to create a new county in this State, to be constructed out of parts of Montgomery, Chester and Berks counties, with Pottstown as the county seat. The name suggested for the new county is Grant.

—Prof. West, in Dover, Del., hires negroes, whom he kills and coffins, then mysteriously disappears to enable his wife to collect his life insurance. It didn't pay the first time, but the business is yet in its infancy.

—A seventeen-year-old widow married a gentleman of 22 in Greenup, O., the other day, but the local justice wouldn't perform the ceremony, as he said out of twelve couples that had been married by him eleven had been divorced.

—A man at Keokuk has started an office furnished with a pair of blacksmith's bellows for the inflating of rubber bustles, and the Davenport *Democrat* says that "fashionable ladies go there once a day to get blown up."

—A candy-pull occurred in Peru, Ill., lately, and the two-gallon potfull of blazing liquid was put out in the back yard to cool, while the jollity went on inside. The cat's corpse was removed, and the candy given to the poor.

—Lerdo De Tejada, the new Mexican executive, has been inaugurated. Among the first callers at the "White House," to congratulate him, was the late insurgent leader, Porfirio Diaz. The country rejoices in universal tranquility.

—Judge Merrimon, late Democratic candidate for Governor of North Carolina, for which position he was defeated by the most outrageous and unblushing frauds, has been elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of that State.

—It is now given out that colored people will be admitted to the inauguration ball, but will the President waltz with a colored lady, and Miss Nellie take a man and brother for a partner in one or more of the dances, is the question?

—A noble Danbury boy earned a dollar, Monday, which instead of spending for trash, as many other boys would have done, he gave it to his toiling mother, and in the evening she hired a fiddler, and a pleasant dance was the result.

—It will be well for those who are in the habit of trafficking in gold coin to keep a sharp lookout for bogus twenty-dollar gold pieces, as there are a very large number of them in circulation which are said to be excellent imitations of the genuine.

—Mr. Greeley's possessions is estimated to be in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand dollars. His stock in the *Tribune*, ten shares, is valued at $13,000 per share; the homestead at Chappaqua $30,000; farm in Virginia $25,000; and incidentals $15,000.

—An old Palmyra, Indiana, farmer lately predicted that deer would be as plenty as sheep in that vicinity this winter. This gave an impetus to the ammunition trade, until some searcher after mutton ascertained there were only two sheep in the county.

—At Uniontown, on Saturday morning at nine o'clock, the jury rendered a verdict of murder in the first degree against Jacob Staup, for the shooting of Alpheus Glover, last July, in Henry Clay township. The verdict gives general satisfaction. A motion for a new trial will be made.

—A number of ladies in Nashville have signed an agreement to abstain from all outward adornment on Sundays, wearing only the plainest sort of apparel. Ruin is thus threatened to the millinery business, there being no place left in which to display the last sweet thing in bonnets.

—A young man named Edward Mills, at Pikeville, Ohio, on Thursday last, after eating his dinner, took his gun down and was blowing in it to see if it was loaded, and having his foot on the lock of the gun, his foot slipped, and the gun went off, shooting him through the head. He died shortly after.

—The corpses of a white man and a negro went over a Michigan railroad, the other day, and got mixed in unloading. At the consequent cross funerals a few old ladies were able to tell the mourners "how natural" the body looked, but most of the sympathizing friends thought there was a mistake somewhere.

—The *World* says that several prominent business men have just sent by the steamer Tybee the money for the purchase of Samana, San Domingo, they having become satisfied that the purchase which Congress rejected would be a profitable one, and have renewed the bargain with Baez on their own account.

—So many handsome fortunes were made in getting rid of the curse of slavery in this country, that it is not strange "the curse of slavery in Cuba" is to be made a pretext for making some more. Somebody wants a job to build war vessels, and so Mr. Negley of Pennsylvania says "the curse of slavery in Cuba" is liable to involve us in war at any moment. O Liberty! what lots of money has been made in thy name!—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A. T. Stewart's magnificent mansion on the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, New York city, which he has just moved into, is large enough for the retinue of a crowned head. The house, however, is said to be very damp, and to require fires burning even in August. It is the most elegantly fitted up mansion in the Union. The carpets and curtains, fitted to each room, were made in Europe, and the gorgeous furniture was also made abroad.

—At Cincinnati, on Monday afternoon, the scaffolding on the new addition building to the water works fell, carrying down eight workmen, killing four instantly and injuring four. The scaffolding had been erected for the purpose of putting up iron trusses for the roof of the building, and gave way under the weight of three iron trusses, weighing many tons, precipitating the men to the ground and water beneath, a distance of about eighty feet. It is tho't that none of the wounded are seriously injured.

—About sixty years ago, John Griswold Rogers, of East Lynne, Conn., fell in love with Eliza D. Griswold, and in 1817 the couple were betrothed and doubtless commenced to talk about fixing the wedding-day. There appears, however, to have been more than the usual difficulty in deciding the question; at least it was not until Thanksgiving day that the ceremony took place, when the bride and groom had reached the ages respectively of 78 and 79. Both parties, however, belong to a long-lived race, and look forward to a wedded life of no short duration.

—Probably the heaviest blast on record was made a few days ago by the Richmond, Virginia, Granite Company. A solid block of stone, of fine quality and sixty feet in length, fifty feet in depth and forty-six feet wide, was displaced without fracture. This enormous block measured 138,000 cubic feet and weighs 11,500 tons, or 23,000,000 pounds. In 1870 the same company obtained a stone weighing 18,000,000 pounds, which was then considered a remarkable success in blasting. If any body designs erecting a pyramid on the western plains that company ought to take the contract.

—Last Friday afternoon, while Mrs. C. C. Bradbury, of Sherman, Maine, was at work up stairs with her little girl, about eighteen months old, who was running about the room, the child, unobserved, pushed a box which covered a ventilation hole, left through the ceiling over the kitchen stove, and fell through or to the stove, which was at that time heated nearly red hot for the purpose of ironing. The child lay upon the stove until Mrs. Bradbury ran down the stairs and through another room and took her off. The child was fearfully burned, yet it is hoped she may recover.

A CARBON COUNTY GHOST STORY.—The good people of Carbon county, a couple of years since, erected a very fine and a very expensive county prison, at Manch Chunk, and not having use for all its numerous cells, as lodging places for offenders against the law, it appears, according to the Carbon *Democrat*, that a ghostly tenant has taken up its abode within its walls. The story is that "since the confinement of Peter Friel, whose trial and conviction for the murder of Simon O'Connell came off at the last term of Court, it is alleged that there is a ghostly form which glides through the dark and lonely corridors of the prison at the hour of midnight, rattling the heavy iron bolts of every cell as it passes by with its measured tread. Upon reaching the cell of Friel, which is situated at the extreme end of the silent corridor, it pauses for a moment, when the bolts and bars shoot back and the heavy iron door is heard to grate upon its hinges, and the weird and unwelcome guest is heard no more till the succeeding night.

"The prisoners have been nightly awakened from their peaceful slumbers by this unearthly visitant, who, they aver, continued his noctural rambles at regular intervals during the entire period of Friel's confinement.

"It seems that Friel frequently revealed to his wife during her visits to the prison, that the spirit of Simon O'Connell nightly appeared to him within the walls of his narrow cell; and this, told by her to others, first gave the story publicity.

"When the strange sounds were first heard, the prisoners supposed that it was made by the watchman in his nightly rounds; but as no such person was employed (or, indeed, any one admitted thro' the grated corridor door after the supper hour) this theory was, of course, impossible. The prisoners, upon becoming aware that no watchman was employed, insisted upon the outer door of their cells being securely fastened to screen them from the strange freaks of this mysterious visitor.

"We give the facts as we have heard them related by others, and leave our readers to judge for themselves as to what degree of credence should be placed in them."

DEATH OF A REMARKABLE ADVENTURER.—John Franklin recently died in New Orleans, having run a career such as few men would care to be debtors to. He was born in Albany in the year 1826, and was called John Murray, but soon took his stepfather's name. He was compactly built, handsome and a thorough sporting man, to whom Cincinnati, New Orleans, and St. Louis have been indebted for some of their most notorious prize fights. Before he arrived of age he became a professional gambler and adventurer. Forced to leave Buffalo when only eighteen, on account of a fight with a negro, whose skull he fractured, he went through Central America to California, embarked thence on the schooner Gamecock for a filibustering adventure in Honolulu. His party were defeated as soon as landed, and he shipped in a whaler to Australia. Thence he went to Callao, Peru, and finally opened a gambling saloon on one of the Chincha Islands. He circulated freely among the cities of Peru, frequently getting involved in desperate frays. In one of them he killed an attache of the British Legation, and was therefor arrested and kept in prison for twenty-six months, when, through the efforts of Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, he was released. Since then he has been engaged in gambling and fighting in the United States. Burdened with consumption for the last ten years, he has kept on his feet and been ready for any excitement. In July last he was taken to St. Paul packed in cotton for a change of climate. It did him no good, and he was taken to New Orleans, where, a short time ago, he went to his long account.


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Dec. 6.-3t. F. J. PARRISH.

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THE

# HARRISBURG PATRIOT

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Lumber, shingles, grain and produce marketable kinds taken in exchange for

Thankful for past favors, we hope to merit and receive a continuance and increase of the same.

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Loretto, Nov. 15, 1872.-tf.

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JNO. C. BOLAND, Proprie

Having taken the above hotel and refurnished and amply provided in all respects for the entertainment of travelers and all others who may favor him with a call, the subscriber hopes by strict attention to merit and receive a fair share of the public patronage. JOHN C. BOLAND.

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# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday, - - - December 13, 1872.


## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

**Dots and Dashes at and near Home:**

—The ice crop is being harvested.

—Thompson's furs are very popular and cheap.

—Bishop Domenec was consecrated twelve years ago last Monday.

—By the accidental inversion of the figure 4 this issue of our paper is made to appear as No. 49 instead of No. 46.

—The pulse of a hen is 140 beats to the minute. The price of *pulse* warmers is from 25 to 50 cts. at Thompson's.

—New goods received at M. L. Oatman's every day and sold cheaper than elsewhere in town, because they are sold for cash.

—Two stray horses were sold in Altoona not long since at fabulous prices. One brought a dollar and a half and the other two cents.

—We were promised a report of Court proceedings, but after waiting until three o'clock Thursday were forced to go to press without them.

—When the ladies can't find what they want at Thompson's they give it up, for it is an established fact that for all novelties people go there.

—The man who knows anything worth publishing, and don't send it to the printer, ought to be c——eprived of even a record-date sheet."

—The man who "got shot" in Johnstown last week, got them at a hardware store. Old joke, but a very painful and exciting one in this instance.

—Jacob Faker, a resident of Alexandria, Huntingdon county, fell from a passenger train at Spruce Creek on Wednesday week and received fatal injuries.

—On Monday last, Judge Dean made an order for an Adjourned Court, commencing on the second Monday of February next and to continue for one week.

—Joseph Herrold, prompted by grief at supposed injuries, hung himself to the Mifflin county jail door one day last week, and when found life was extinct.

—Talk about a big run of custom! M. L. Oatman has by far the largest run of custom in Ebensburg. Everybody buys at Oatman's, because they can save money in the operation.

—Mr. John Glazier, Huntingdon's oldest inhabitant, aged ninety years, died last week. He was an invalid for twenty-six years. He suffered with rheumatism for twenty-two years.

—M. L. Oatman has already commenced receiving holiday goods, and will have the largest stock of candies, confections and sweetmeats ever brought to Ebensburg. Don't forget this?

—Levi Claflin, Huntingdon's oldest colored barber, has been drawn to serve as a juryman. This is the first "drawing" so highly colored that Huntingdon has been called upon to contemplate.

—Gen. George Potts, a well-known citizen and for several years Mayor of Altoona, died in that city on Tuesday last, in the 69th year of his age. He was a brother of Judge Potts, of Johnstown.

—If your name is Smith, Jones, Davis or Evans, or if it ain't either of them, you will be very sorry if you don't call at Thompson's to see at their Fair every night and during the holidays.

—Zachary Watts, aged 16 years, an employee in one of the Pa. R. R. blacksmith shops at Altoona, had an arm so badly mutilated in a drilling machine, a few days ago, that it had to be amputated.

—Don't do your Christmas baking without first procuring a supply of choice flour. This popular flour, feed and grocery store is the best flour is always the cheapest and that's the kind Mills keeps.

—The non-stroke this time but nearer home—indeed, right at home. Christmas goods for the latest issue are therefore in order; but let there be no SMALL CAPS. We "cases" full of these "sorts."

—Notwithstanding the inclement weather and you know it was terrible rough that day, the three story hat with the six foot rim under it arrived promptly, on its tenth annual visit, last Monday forenoon.

—The Johnstown *Tribune's* story about ghosts at Moore's grave is entirely too thin. The only "ghost" that has disturbed that neighborhood is the one that stole Esther Christy's turkey gobbler a few nights ago.

—The nozzle of the hose of the Vigilant steam fire engine, Altoona, flew out on Saturday last while some of the members were operating the thing just for fun, and hit a man named Bennett, broke one of his legs.

—Two weeks and three days ago a young lady named Glunt, of Franklin township, Westmoreland county, poured carbon oil on a few dying embers. Her funeral was largely attended three days after the excitement failed.

—One hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars is all the money the Pennsylvania Railroad Company paid to its employees at Altoona on Tuesday last. Wish we, individually and collectively, were all the employees for a few months.

—The reason why M. L. Oatman can sell goods so much lower than any other merchant in town, is because he sells for cash. When you have the cash always go to Oatman's, where you can save 15 per cent. on every dollar's worth you buy.

—An old man named Thomas Maloney, on his way home from attending church at Braddock's Fields, on Sunday was struck by the Cincinnati Express near Hamilton's station, and so seriously injured that he died soon after.

—The man who has a wife, mother, sister, sweetheart, should not forget that Christmas presents will soon be in order. Silver-plated ware, fine cutlery, and other elegant articles at Huntley's, eminently fit for such purposes.

—Good, comfortable clothes are essential to proper enjoyment of the holidays. The choicest dress goods, furnishing goods, ready-made clothing, etc., consult Barker. He can rig out any person from top to toe at the lowest rates.

—The holidays may be fully enjoyed by buying choice goods from Myers & Lloyd. They keep a stock of the finest and best, and sell cheap enough to satisfy any one looking bargains in goods of all kinds. Go and see what they can do for you.

—A lad named Murphy, second son of Lawrence Murphy, residing on Mullin's farm in Cambria township, was engaged a few days ago chopping wood, when a stick flew up and struck him in the eye, bursting the ball and, of course, completely destroying the sight.

—An immense bank of earth in which a stump was imbedded caved in upon Benjamin Ganoe, at Warriorsmark, Huntingdon county, on the 23d ult., and the stump striking him on the lower part of the body, produced injuries which caused death five days after.

—The Tyrone *Democrat* says that it has no respectable exchange from Cambria, (the *Democrat*,) and don't want any other ... but when it comes down to second-hand sheets, it will give the *Freeman* a call, which may do well enough for "the Tyrone *Democrat*, but if other papers get the consumption fit" of that kind the Tyrone would find respectable exchanges just as scarce in his sanctum as respectability of the other kind seems to be with the present writing.

—Don't forget that toys, candies, and many other things for the holidays, can be bought at the Dauntless fire engine house and the night before Christmas.

—Lenmon & Murray have the nicest things imaginable for holiday gifts. Real jewelry, handsome and entertaining books for young and old, attractive fancy goods, and other suitable things in profusion, are among the most attractive features of their grand holiday display. They sell cheap.

—Heretofore all mail matter designed for Cresson, Summitville, Loretto, Chest Springs, St. Augustine, &c., had to be sent from the post-office here by the evening train. Now however mails for those points are forwarded by the morning train, which is a decided change for the better.

—The Hollidaysburg *Standard* says we can copy what we please from its columns, with or without credit. If Traugh would only go a little further, and send us a "proof" on Tuesday, we might be able to make a "respectable" journal out of a "second-rate sheet." What say ye, boss?

—Patrick Mundy, an old man residing in the vicinity of Kittanning Point, was struck by a passenger locomotive, while on his way to Altoona on Thursday morning of last week, and so terribly injured that he died in the latter place, whither he was taken to the home of a married daughter, on Monday.

—On Friday evening last, a colored man in Altoona was knocked down by a small sled upon which several boys were coasting along one of the principal thoroughfares, and falling on his head, he sustained a compound fracture of the skull, besides other serious injuries, all which it is feared will prove fatal.

—The value of a cow's tail was definitely decided in Bedford county. It is ten dollars an inch. A couple of young men cut off twelve inches of a cow's tail, and nailed it to a school-house for "sport," for which sport the young men paid one hundred and twenty dollars to the owner of the bovine for damages.

—We are occasionally in receipt by mail of caution notices, stray notices, and the like, accompanied by one dollar, which the senders no doubt imagine is our charge for inserting the same. This is a mistake. All such notices require three insertions and our invariable charge is $1.50. Let those interested make a note of this.

—What "Frenchy" don't know about serving up oysters ain't worth finding out. He keeps only the most luscious of bivalves, and as everything is neat, clean and cozy about his saloon, and his table well supplied with relishes, it does one good to indulge at his board. Families and parties supplied with oysters and other delicacies at lowest rates.

—Perhaps it is a waste of words to urge upon our readers the importance of calling at C. T. Roberts' elegant clock, watch and jewelry emporium to purchase their holiday goods, for surely no one within a reasonable distance of Ebensburg will think of passing Cham. by in such an emergency. It is not too soon to look in there now, if you wish to get first choice.

—The sacrament of confirmation, preceded by the reception of two lay Sisters into the order of St. Joseph, and the conferring of the cross upon a third, took place at the Church of the Holy Name yesterday morning. The ceremonies were grand and imposing. Bishop Domenec being present and conducting the services. Not having had time to attend, we can give no further particulars.

—Edward Grue, of Summerhill township, while employed with others in threshing grain at the barn of Patrick McDunn, in that township, on Tuesday last, had his right hand torn off by the machine. We did not learn how the accident happened, but understand that his injuries were of such a nature as to require the amputation of the arm at the elbow joint, which operation was successfully performed by Dr. Kern, of Wilmore.

—Ten persons in one family in Munster township, children and grandchildren of Mr. Felix O'Neil, were down with the scarlet fever and diptheria the early part of this week and for several days previous. On Wednesday one of the afflicted, a little girl four years of age, died of the disease or diseases, and others of the family are said to be in a precarious condition. Mr. O'Neil certainly deserves the earnest sympathy of all hearts in his great affliction.

—The Clark sisters, two soiled doves of Johnstown who were sent up a couple of weeks ago for a thirty days' residence at Castle Bonacker, kept up such a continual crying and lamentation in the loudest of keys for several days after their incarceration that the sheriff, was forced to put the bracelets on them for a brief time and confine them in the cell first occupied by Michael Moore, since when they have simmered down and take things more philosophically.

—The Johnstown *Echo* last week announced its own demise for a brief period, but this week it is to be out again under the management of Messrs. John Myers and David Hite, both printers, the former having been publisher under the late dispensation. In the retirement of Cas. Easly the profession loses a graceful, versatile and entertaining writer, but we trust he will loom up again in a like capacity ere many moons wane. As for the new firm, we wish them abundant prosperity.

—Nearly every paper we pick up assures us that Chritmas is coming, just as though the readers thereof didn't know as much about it as the editors themselves. Better a great deal tell them where they can buy an excellent stove, good tinware, first class hardware, the best of fresh groceries, besides many of the most desirable articles for holiday presents, and that's what we do here and now by advising our readers to visit Geo. Huntley's great house furnishing emporium, Main street, Ebensburg.

—Westmoreland county has had two more suicides within the past week or so. Andrew Fest, a coal miner, twenty-two years old, thought it *best* not to stay here any longer, so he got a gun on Wednesday of last week, went out into the woods, and taking off his boot, pulled the trigger with one of his toes, shooting himself through the head and producing instant death. On the night previous a man who registered his name as John Miller, of Buffalo, N. Y., ended his earthly career by taking prussic acid at the Laird House in Greensburg.

—John C. McCarthy, Esq., a lawyer of eminent ability, and brother of Father McCarthy, pastor of St. John's church, died in Pittsburgh about noon on Monday last. Mr. McCarthy was educated at St. Francis' College, Loretto, and it is said that that institution never produced a riper scholar. His age was about 43 years, and he was married for the second time only a few weeks ago. One of his children, perhaps the only one, a lad aged about 4 years, is in care of the Sisters of St. Joseph, at Mt. Gallitzin Seminary, in this place.

—Young man, if you would have a *hat* that will add wisdom to your knowledge box, a suit of *clothes* that will fill your bosom with purest emotions, a pair of *boots* that will elevate your soul and purify your heart, a *necktie* that will sweeten your temper, an *overcoat* that will calm your perturbed spirits in the hour of bereavement, a *pair of suspenders* that will lift your thoughts to better things than those of earth, a *handkerchief* that will animate you with tumultuous emotion, a *pair of gloves* that will calm your mind and warm up that which is good within you, a *cigar* that will cause you to dream sweet dreams of Elysian lands, just drop into Thompson's Palace Store, in the Post-office building. They have just received their new and splendid stock of goods. Go early.

DEATH ON THE RAIL.—*Frightful Accident near Mifflin.*—We glean the following particulars of a terrible accident near Mifflin from Saturday's issue of the Harrisburg *Patriot:*

Owing to the immense travel on the Pennsylvania railroad the Cincinnati express east has to be divided into two sections, the one running about ten miles behind the other. On Thursday night the first section started from Altoona thirty-seven minutes late and the second, one hour and sixteen minutes, which placed the former about twenty miles ahead of the latter. Between Altoona and Lewistown the second section made up thirty-four minutes lost time, while the first lost three minutes. At Bixler's station, two miles east of Lewistown, both took wafer, and before leaving the flagman of the leading train placed the precautionary percussion caps on the track as a warning to the one following. The engineer of the latter respected the signal, but seeing no train before him and supposing it many miles in advance he resumed his speed. As the first section approached Mifflin it slackened from schedule speed to about fifteen miles an hour. Just west of the town is Lauber's curve, and while passing through it the engineer of the second section of the express noticed that the first section was but 150 feet ahead. The patent air brake was immediately applied and the engine reversed and had it not been for an unavoidable accident to the coupling which held together the express car and the one following the train could have been stopped in time to avert contact with the first section. But the coupling broke, and the locomotive, tender and express car were detached from the other cars (the air brake being operative on the latter) and ran into the rear end of a Pullman palace car, in which two gentlemen, two ladies and two children were sleeping. The engine struck with much violence and sent the car whizzing through about one-third of the sleeper directly ahead, telescoping the two. The consequence was the berths in the rear end of the latter were badly demolished and five of the occupants tightly wedged in, and it is supposed instantly, while three sustained slight injuries. Of the fatal cases, W. W. Dantz, wife and a beautiful little child occupied one berth and Matthew Knowles and J. Willard Bacon, of Chicago, separate berths. The names of the wounded are Thomas M. Sayre and wife, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and C. H. Remy, of Indianapolis. None of the inmates of the rear car were hurt, but Mr. Gillingham, the conductor, was thrown a considerable distance. The porter, a young colored man, was sleeping in the rear end at the time the engine struck, and the concussion did no more than arouse him from his sleep. A gentleman and lady occupying a berth at the other end were surrounded with broken timbers (fragments of the wreck), but they were not injured in the least.

The persons killed in the second hind car were extricated with considerable difficulty, a few hours elapsing before the debris could be removed from its entrenched position and the dead reached. Mrs. Dantz's body was more mutilated than any of the rest. Broken bones were numerous in all the corpses.

Mrs. Sayre, one of the wounded, was obliged to endure some pain and much suspense before she could be removed from a very trying position. It appears she was preparing to retire when the run in took place, and while sitting or standing the floor was torn up and her leg was caught between the wood. From the time her situation was discovered until her rescue over an hour elapsed, and in order to get out the limb the rear car had to be lifted up with jacks.—Those who assisted in freeing her were agreeably surprised to hear her say that her injuries were immaterial and then walk off as if scarcely anything happened her.

Mr. Sayre was slightly cut in the head and had one of his hands bruised, while Mr. Remy was hurt in the foot and sustained several bruises.

The bodies of Matthew Knowles and J. Willard Bacon were sent to Chicago last evening, and Mr. Blaine, speaker of the national house of representatives, has telegraphed the Pennsylvania railroad company that he will give instructions as to what disposition shall be made for the remains of the Dantz family. Mr. Dantz is either a congressman elect or a United States revenue officer.

An inquest was held over the bodies yesterday in Juniata county, which resulted in a verdict of censure on the flagman of the first section of the Cincinnati express.

The loss by the wreck of the two Pullman palace cars will probably reach $20,000.—The engine attached to the second section had her pilot broken and was slightly damaged otherwise. About three hours after the accident it started with the train for Harrisburg.

The reason the first section ran behind schedule speed was because the requisite quantity of steam could not be generated with the inferior coal used. It is said that good fuel could not be produced because of the obstacles thrown in the way by the horse disease.

THE CAUSE OF THE CATASTROPHE.

An examination has been commenced at Harrisburg to ascertain the causes which led to the dreadful accident detailed above.—From the *Journal* we learn that Mr. Fitzgerald, the flagman of the first train, set forth that a few minutes before the collision, and when the train had passed about two-thirds over a two-mile piece of track west of Mifflin he observed the second train coming, and swung a red light as a warning signal, which he felt sure was observed by the engineer, as the speed of the second train appeared to slacken. The first train broke a coupling just before the accident.

The engineer of the second train, Mr. John Fritchey, stated that when he reached the two miles of straight track west of Mifflin, he watched for the rear of the first train. Just as he struck the straight stretch, the head-light of an approaching freight train on the left hand track reflected in such a manner that he saw no red light at all ahead. When he had passed the third curve beyond, he saw the rear end of the first train, immediately shut off steam, applied the air-brake and reversed the engine, but the momentum was such that when the coupling broke between the tender and the first car of his train, he could not stop the onward course of his locomotive in time to prevent the accident. He had not the slightest idea that the first train had lost time since leaving the last station, until his locomotive was about to strike it.

Mr. Fritchey is one of the oldest, and is considered one of the most cautious engineers on the road.

AN ELEGANT CATALOGUE.—We have recently received a copy of JAMES VICK'S Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds and Summer Flowering Bulbs for 1873. To say that it is handsome would not be doing it justice. It is the most costly and profusely illustrated book of the kind we have ever seen, and contains plans for rural homes, designs for dining table decorations, window garden, etc., besides a mass of information invaluable to the lover of flowers. It is printed on one hundred and fifty pages on fine tinted paper and is illustrated with about five hundred engravings of flowers and plants. Each class of flowers is introduced with a full description of its habit, time of bloom, height of growth, and full and comprehensive directions for preparing the ground, the time to plant, distance apart, treatment after planting, and rules to be observed during the flowering season, together with all the information and instruction that any one could ask or wish to know. Mr. VICK has now commenced publishing his Catalogue quarterly and offers it at the small price of twenty-five cents for the year, which is not half the cost. The cover for the January number is a very beautiful specimen of Chromo printing many colors being blended together with much artistic skill, making the book a very handsome ornament to the centre table. Persons desiring a copy can have it sent post-paid by inclosing twenty-five cents to

JAMES VICK,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

—James Gardner, seventeen years old, son and main dependance of a poor widow woman living in Muddy Creek township, Butler county, was instantly killed at the outer depot, Pittsburgh, on Wednesday week, by being run over by a train of cars.

### *Literary Notices.*

HARRISBURG PATRIOT.—The prospectus of the Harrisburg *Patriot* for 1873, will be found in another column. The *Patriot* is the central organ of the Democracy of the State and continues to maintain its well established reputation as one of the best and most ably conducted journals in the commonwealth. The *Weekly Patriot* is a mammoth sheet, which any person who is desirous of obtaining all the reliable news of the day can easily afford to subscribe for. His money cannot be applied to a better purpose, or one which will more certainly repay him for the investment.

THE NEW YORK WORLD.—In our present issue will be found the prospectus of THE WORLD for the year 1873, which we recommend to the special attention of our readers. It would be impossible for us to add anything in commendation of this great metropolitan journal to what has heretofore appeared in our columns when noticing the entrance of THE WORLD upon a new year. To say that it is edited with remarkable ability and that by the universal judgment of the American people it stands in the front rank of political journalism, is merely giving expression to the well-settled convictions of all who are familiar with its able and instructive columns. Certainly no paper in this country displays more energy and industry in laying before its readers the latest and most reliable news from all portions of the inhabitable globe. As the admitted organ of the Democratic party it is invaluable to the politician, and although on some occasions its views have not at the time met with an unqualified endorsement, they have been treated with that consideration and respect to which their high source entitled them.—The terms of THE WORLD, especially when taken by clubs, are exceedingly moderate, and we cheerfully recommend to all Democrats especially who wish to know what is transpiring in the world around them the propriety of getting up clubs for the weekly or semi-weekly WORLD.

THE ALDINE FOR DECEMBER (CHRISTMAS NUMBER).—Everybody has seen the old picture of the discovery of printing, where two elderly gentlemen, with the aid of the devil (then as now an innocent lad), have taken the first impression from a type form, and are rapt in awe as the importance of the event asserts itself in their minds. Fancy the feeling of that trio could they o'erleap the barriers of time and gaze with us upon the splendid pages now before us. Here are specimens of the most exquisite workmanship in wood-cut printing, in quantity sufficient for a very good sized volume, on the most sumptuous paper, and yet it is merely one month's offering of a five dollar periodical! Let us measure this wonder, let us count these plates—just forty large and small, costing subscribers *one cent* each? When it is considered that in no other publication or shape can so much art be obtained for many times the amount of the subscription for the whole year, it can be readily understood that we are but doing our readers common justice to acquaint them of such an opportunity and to impress upon the American public the plain duty of a cordial and practical support to an enterprise which reflects credit upon our young country.—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Is there such a thing as art or correct taste in America? Come and see!

Among so many it will be impossible for us to attempt even the briefest critical notice of the pictures, which collectively form a most superb gallery of art, but we must express our admiration of the beautiful picture of the Infant Jesus, so timely, so charming in its childlike simplicity, and so delicately and tenderly rendered—a more fitting subject could not have been chosen to open this Christmas volume.

The other plates are: "A Street Scene in Cairo," (tint); "The Guide Board," Knesing; "After the Storm," Schenck; "Christmas Visitors," Guido Hammer; "God's Acre;" "Moose Hunting;" "Good-Eye, Sweetheart," (full page); "The Ornamental," Deiker; "The Useful," Deiker; "The Death Chase;" "The Advance in Winter;" "Keeping House," John S. Davis, (tint); "Ye Limpid Spring and Floods;" "The Fare Thee Well, My Country, Lov'd and Lost;" "Picking and Choosing," Beckman; "Caught at Last;" "At Home;" "The Fisherman's Family;" "Here, Chick! Chick!" "Sport;" "The Pets;" "Enjoyment;" "Morning;" "Out of Doors;" "Evening;" "In-Doors," "After the Storm, a Calm," (our scene); "For the Master," Offterdinger; "'Tis Oft'times Happens that a Child;" "Which in Infancy Limped;" "Is the Solace of Age;" "An Artistic Evening;" "The Naughty Boy," John S. Davis, (tint.)

The reading matter is good, as usual, but of course, in this issue, is overshadowed by the extraordinary pictorial attractions. The volume of THE ALDINE for 1872 is announced by the publishers as *the* holiday present, and, we think, when it is known what a royal book it is, it will hardly require their additional offer of a beautiful chromo free to crowd them with orders. Send $8.00 to James Sutton & Co., publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, New York, for this bound volume, and secure a gallery of engravings that will be a source of joy in the home for many a day.

WEST ELIZABETH, Pa., Dec. 9, 1872.

*Mr. Editor.*—Please allow me to say a few words through your valuable paper in regard to the wide west, as I hope they may prove interesting to many of your readers. I know that there are many farmers in Cambria county and elsewhere who would be willing to sell out and emigrate to the west if they could do so, and I don't blame them for this, because they have hard work the whole year round toiling among stumps and stones, and when harvest comes round have little to show for their labor. Now the question is, where is the best place to go to in the west? Some prefer Wisconsin, some Iowa, some Minnesota, and so on, *ad libitum*. For my part I would rather go to Nebraska, inasmuch as I consider it the most desirable and healthiest State in the west to live in. It is unquestionably the best wheat producing State in the Union. Some affirm that Minnesota is better, but if you will examine the statistics from both States you will see that Minnesota produces only an average yield of 17 to 20 bushels to the acre, while Nebraska averages from 25 to 30 bushels. Of corn the former gives an average product of 20 to 30 bushels per acre, while the latter shows a yield of 50 to 75 bushels. I have this from reliable figuers, to which I have given considerable attention, and hence it is that I am decidedly of the opinion that Nebraska is by far the best State for a poor man to settle in. There is plenty of vacant government land still left to give all a pick and choice of location, to say nothing of railroad lands, which can be bought cheap and on long credits, but if any one who reads this has any notion of going to Nebraska, my advice is go along the Union Pacific R. R. before deciding upon a location. It passes through the finest region, in my estimation, that the eyes of man ever rested upon. I bought 160 acres from that Company in Merrick county, at a place called Chapman's Station. It is between Lone Tree and Grand Island, which are both towns of much importance and great promise. It would please me exceedingly to get a colony from Cambria county to settle in that locality, and if one was formed, I would go with it at almost any time and on the shortest notice.

Nebraska is destined to be among the foremost States of the Union, as in the matter of health and productiveness it is certainly unsurpassed; and as regards the climate, it is not too cold in winter nor too warm in summer. Any person wishing to visit that country should procure tickets from Pittsburgh to Omaha, and from there take the Union Pacific to Lone Tree, Merrick county, Nebraska.

Further particulars may be obtained by sending for pamphlets to O. F. Davis, Land Commissioner, Omaha, Neb., or to

Yours, truly, CASPER FELDUM.

—Agents may learn something greatly to their advantage and obtain specimens and full particulars free, by adressing *Wood's Literay and Art Agency*, Newburgh N. Y.

—This paragraph is to say that Agents may learn something greatly to their advantage and obtain specimens and full particulars free, by addressing *Wood's Literary and Art Society*, Newburgh, N. Y.


GO AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!—Andy Foster, of the well known firm of Geis & Foster, was in New York and Philadelphia recently, and as his experience in the purchase of dry goods of the newest patterns, latest styles and best quality is well known we expect to see a rush of customers to that establishment when this fact becomes generally known. Geis & Foster have the largest and best selected stock of dry goods in this city, but the firm desire to call particular attention to the department allotted to

CARPETS!

One portion of their large store is devoted to the sale of carpets, and as they buy an immense stock at a time they are necessarily enabled to buy and sell cheaper than any other store in town. Visit Geis & Foster's mammoth store on Clinton street, Johnstown, examine their goods and prices and we are sure you will patronize the firm.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.—John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Altoona, is prepared to supply Metallic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Mattresses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [Jul.13.-tf.]

"THE world rolls freedom's swelling wave, and ripens with its stern keep heat, and he bears the cross to-day will wear the crown to-morrow." All of which is a very fine sentiment, but it is more eminently practical to wear warm clothing at this inclement season of the year than to wear a crown to-morrow, or at any other time. The warm clothing we speak of, well made and of the best material, can be found in good variety at V. S. Barker's cheap cash store, as can also elegant dress goods for the ladies and other articles innumerable.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead who to himself hath never said, I will have pies, and cakes, and bread, as sweet as housewife ever made, because henceforth I'll buy from Mills my flour. If such there be, I say repeat, for surely none should be content with bread and sich not worth a cent, since Mills sells cheap the choicest brands of flour. Yes, and he sells groceries and feed just as cheap any man.

DEAR READER of this, have you ever enjoyed the pleasure of buying from Myers & Lloyd? If not, now, is your time, for as sure as you live they have splendid new goods and great bargains they give. So go to their store as soon as you can, and take all your friends, for a man and woman, for there they have goods in abundance and bargains for all who have cash to invest—so give them a call.

THE keen winds are sweeping, our flesh it is creeping, and poor folks are weeping with cold and hunger, but Barker don't about as far as we can get on that line, but take pleasure in saying that anything our readers need in the line of good and substantial winter clothing they can buy very cheap from S. J. Hess & Bro., 241 and 243 Main street, Johnstown.

CHAPPED hands, face, rough skin, pimples, ringworm, salt-rheum, and other cutaneous affections cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. Be certain to get the *Juniper Tar Soap*, as there are many worthless imitations made with common tar. [n.15.-12w.]

THE PUREST AND SWEETEST COD-LIVER OIL is Hazard & Caswell's, made on the sea shore, from fresh, selected livers, by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market [12w.]

CAUTION.—Every genuine box of DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., and their private United States Stamp. "Take no other." The market is full of imitations.


### HYMENEAL.

SAYRES—WARNER.—Married, at Wilmore, Nov. 22d, by Rev. S. Croft, Mr. H. A. SAYRES, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. ELIZABETH WARNER, of the former place.

SHARP—PAUL.—Married, on the 24th ult., at the same place, by the same, Mr. JOS. SHARP and Miss ANNA JANE PAUL, both of Summerhill township.

### OBITUARY.

GEIS.—Died, in Carrolltown, on Sunday night last, JOHN GEIS, son of Andrew Geis, deceased, aged about 18 years.

SHERRY.—Died, in Carroll township, on Saturday morning last, Mr. JOHN SHERRY, aged about 65 years.


STRAY BULL.—Came to the residence of the subscriber on or about the 8th of November last, a YEARLING BULL of a dark brindle color, with a white spot on one side. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property and take it away, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.

MATTHEW DIGNAN.

Tunnel Hill, Dec. 13, 1872.-3t.-*

**Stray Heifer.**

CAME to the residence of the subscriber, at Portage Station, Cambria county, some time during last summer, a DARK BROWN HEIFER, one year old past, with white belly and a small slit in the right ear. The owner is hereby notified that unless he appears, proves property, pays all charges and takes her away, she will be sold as the law directs.

Dec. 13-3t. ANDREW CULLEN.

**Stray Bull.**

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, in Washington township, one and a half miles north of Lilly's Station, on or about the 15th ult., a RED and a half old BLACK BULL. No other color or marks on him. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away; otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

PETER R. MYERS.

Washington Twp., Dec. 13, 1872.-3t.*

**Estate Notice.**

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the estate of DANIEL CARNEY, late of Munster township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

ROSE CARNEY, Administratrix.

Munster Twp., Dec. 13, 1872-3t.*

**Estate Notice.**

HAVING taken out Letters of Administration on the Estate of PATRICK CARLAND, late of Gallitzin township, Cambria county, deceased, the subscriber hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

THOMAS CARLAND, Administrator.

Altoona, Dec. 13, 1872-6t.

**$250 A MONTH, $250.**

*WE WANT 10,000 AGENTS,*

MALE OR FEMALE,

To make the above amount selling BRIDE'S COMBINATION NEEDLE CASE AND PORTE MONNAIE. This is an article of absolute necessity with every lady, and pays a large profit. For Circular and Terms address

12-13.-3m. Pittsburg Supply Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

*AGENTS WANTED FOR*

BOSTON AND ITS DESTRUCTION.

A full, detailed and graphic account of the origin, progress, suffering, losses and incidents of the great conflagration. A rare chance for agents, as every person wants to know the full particulars of this great disaster. Sent by mail for 50 cents. WILLIAM FLINT.

[1m.] Philadelphia, Pa., and Cincinnati, O.

*GREAT OFFERS TO AGENTS*

are made by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADY'S FRIEND. A beautiful Chromo of the CHILD-PROPHET "SAMUEL," worth $5.00, is given with the Paper (subscription price $3) or with the Magazine (price $2.50). Do not fail to examine into this offer; it is

A GREAT COMBINATION!!

Address for particulars, samples, etc., *Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.* [13-1m.]

**TRUE TIME for $1.** 50,000 SOLD!

Magnetic Time-Keeper, Compass and Indicator. A perfect GEM for the pocket of every traveler, trader, boy, farmer, and for EVERYBODY desiring a *reliable* time-keeper, and also a superior compass. Usual watch size, glass crystal, all in a neat OROIDE case. WARRANTED to denote *correct time* and to keep in order if fairly used—for two years. *Nothing like it!* This perfect triumph of mechanism will be sent in a neat case, prepaid to any address, for only $1; 3 for $2. Circulars sent free. Try one. Order from the manufacturers, VERMONT NOVELTY WORKS, Brattleboro, Vt. [12-13.-1m.]

*Knabe & Co.'s Pianos,*
*Haines & Bro.'s Pianos, and*
*Geo. A. Prince & Co.'s Organs.*

The three best and most popular Instruments now in the market. Catalogue and Price Lists, containing full particulars, mailed to any address. CHARLOTTE BLUME, 19 SIXTH AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA., *Sole Agent.* [12-6.-3m.]

**1873. THE WORLD. 1873.**

A new political era is opening before the country.

The negro-cycle of our politics has rounded to its conclusion through civil war, social violence, industrial disorder, and has ended in giving freedom to four millions of the negro race, and the ballot to its adult males.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

The politics of this new era will come home to every man's business and bosom as never before, being vital to private prosperity and the maintenance of a Democratic Republic.

For not only are the manifold encroachments of Federal upon State powers and of both upon the large liberty of American freemen now as always to be repelled with ceaseless vigilance; not only is home rule or local self-government now as always to be maintained for the best guarantee of civil liberty and of national greatness, but, besides, the victories of peace which are to give splendor to the new political era must be won against every advantage which ever enemies of free institutions could desire or possess.

A gigantic Debt, which the honor of the country is pledged to pay, encumbers all our industries with its oppressive burden. Never before, our systems of Municipal and State Taxation are crude, unequal, and defraud the poor to release the rich. Nevertheless our system of Federal Taxation is such an infamous masterpiece of ignorance and inequality, put to the clamors of monopolists and favorites and thieves, as never was where has disgraced a nation. Under these Louis XV. taxes his methods of taxation rather than its amount, paralyzed the industries of France. And along with the Tariff, which prohibits the export of our manufactures, abridges the number of our customers, cuts down the profits on labor and always with us, our farms, plantations and mines; abolishes our shipping from off the high seas, and fleches $5 from the people's pockets every time it puts $1 into the U.S. Treasury—along with this engine of oppression, of iniquity and fraud [and a currency of fluctuating value as the measure of values in every act of domestic exchange.

Whatever parties may arise or fall, whatever their defeats or triumphs, and whatever their names, THE WORLD will ever be found always with remain the unflinching champion of

LIBERAL PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY,

whose *real* Freedom, defended and defined by Justice, is the polar-star.

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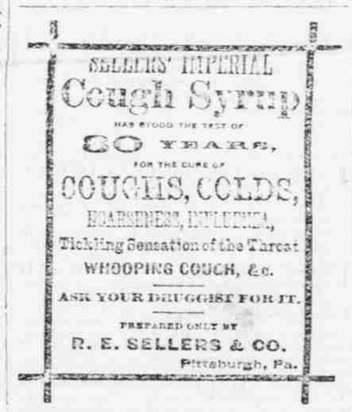

## SEVEN RUINED CITIES.

REMAINS OF A MIGHTY NATION AND RELICS OF AN EXTINCT CIVILIZATION.

A late letter from Arizona says: The country bordering on the Green and Colorado rivers for several hundred miles is in many places strewn with broken pottery of beautiful workmanship, while the canon walls are decorated with hieroglyphics and picture writing, the meaning of which is unknown to the Indians now inhabiting that region. Upon the most inaccessible cliffs, and down in the gloomiest chasms, are found remains of houses that had once been three and four stories high.

All these signs of a once powerful and partially civilized people are plainly traceable to the seven Aztec cities of Arizona. That the inhabitants of this region are descendents of the ancient Mexicans there can be no doubt. Their ancestors' line of march to the north and west is still marked by the remains of cities abandoned many generations ago. From Indian tradition and the meagre history available, the popular theory is, that during the Spanish conquest great bodies of the Aztecs were driven from Mexico into the vast deserts lying to the north and west, and then across the Colerado. Here a mighty nation dwelt for many years, building cities and cultivating the soil. As they were industrious and peace-loving, they were soon attacked by the warlike nomadic tribes of the north, and were compelled, the better to secure themselves against attack, to build their houses on the top of mountains within the canon walls, and in chasms that would seem almost inacessible. Many stories are told how the poor Aztecs were surrounded by an overpowering enemy and starved to death in their strongholds. After many years of war it is said a treaty was entered into between them and the Utes, whereby the latter were to retain the northern side of the river, and the Aztecs were to recross and forever remain in the southern country. The name by which the cities are now most widely known, the Moquis Pablos, originated, as near as I can find out, thus: "There are seven towns, containing about twelve hundred inhabitants. In approaching them from the Colorado river, we first come to Oryba; twelve miles further east we find Shee-mo-po-wee, Shee-pa-la-wee and Mee-shom-o-neah. Three miles further east, across a beautiful valley, are situated on a high cliff Moqui, Mogueenah and Tawah. Moqui, the oldest and best fortified of all the towns, was many years ago visited by small-pox, which carried off nearly all the inhabitants. After that they called the dead town Pueb'o Muerty, which has been corrupted into Moqui Pablo. By strangers the common name of Moquis Pablos is given to all the towns, but here among them each town has its name, chief and government. These towns are fortifications within themselves. The houses are built of rock and mud. To enter them you ascend a ladder, which is on the outside wall, to the top of the first story; the other floors are reached by stone steps on the gable end of each house. The towns are built in the form of a hollow square, with a large court in the middle. In this court are several houses under ground, which are entered by trap-doors from the top, and the bottom reached by ladders. They very much resemble an old-fashioned ice-house. These kevas, as they are called, are used as a place of worship, and to work in.

SELF-EVIDENT FACTS.—*In the Minds of Men.*—That he is overworked.

That his constitution requires stimulants.

That, if he had them, he could at this moment invest a few hundreds to the greatest advantage.

That smoking is good for his nerves, his worries, his literary pursuits, his toothache, etc.

That he ought to belong to a club.

That he could reform the army, doaway with the income tax, manage the railroads better, and make a large fortune by keeping a hotel.

That he knows a good glass of wine.

That he could win a heap of money if he was to go to Hamburg.

That medicine is all a humbug.

That he could preach as good a sermon himself.

That he could soon pick up his French if he went abroad.

That he must win on this year's races.

*In the Mind of Woman.*—That she has nothing fit to put on.

That things ought to be bought because they are cheap.

That there is company in the kitchen.

That she is not allowed sufficient money for house-keeping.

That she never goes out anywhere.

That her best black silk is awfully shabby.

That she requires a change about the month of August.

That her allowance is too small.

That she never looks fit to be seen.

That cook drinks.

That there is always "a glare."

That there is somebody in the house.

That Mrs. Orpington is dreadfully made up, or not so very good-looking, after all.

PRESIDENT FOR THIRTY-SIX HOURS.—A correspondent of the Kansas City *Times* recently interviewed David R. Atchison, who, upon the death of Wm. R. King, a month after his inauguration as Vice President in 1853, succeeded to the Vice Presidency, when the following strange and forgotten fact in American history was brought to mind—that Atchison was legally President of the United States for about thirty-six hours. We extract as follows:

Reporter—You were President of the United States for about thirty-six hours, were you not?

General—Yes, sir; you see Mr. Pierce's term expired at midnight Saturday, and this being a Christian country, of course nothing was done on Sunday. Mr. Buchanan was inaugurated at noon on Monday. Therefore, as President of the Senate, I succeeded to the Presidency when Mr. Pierce's term was out, [laughingly;] but I had no realization of my high position until about ten o'clock Sunday morning. We had been hard at work in the Senate finishing up business, and having lost much sleep I would probably have slept all day had I not been wakened up by some personal friends who came to congratulate me and secure positions for certain parties. In order to do everything in proper style, I appointed a full cabinet, and it is said that my administration was the most successful and popular ever known, there not being a removal or appointment during my whole term.

AN exchange says a man in Matteawan some years ago started for the West, leaving a blooming wife to mourn him dead and to get married again. He returned unexpectedly, not long since, and found her in another fellow's arms, and a cradle full of baby sucking its fist in the delight of its innocence and young existence. He put in his prior claims, and his wife pretended not to know him, but when she learned he had $75,000 she knew him immediately, and told her bjevet husband to caper away about his business. How very touching are the evidences of woman's love!

IT is sweet to have friends you can trust, and convenient sometimes to have friends who will trust you.


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PERSONS going to Europe, or those sending for their friends to the *Old Country* ought to buy their tickets from M. P. MEAGHER, Agent for the celebrated **National Line of Steamers** to and from Europe. This Line is remarkable for comfort, speed and safety. Drafts for £1 and upwards sold at the lowest current rates. For further particulars call at MEAGHER'S BOOK STORE, 136 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. [June 22, 1872.-tf.]

T. D. CASEY, late of Robert Woods & Co.

C. T. FOGARTY.....JAMES CASEY.

CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

**MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,**

AND ALL KINDS OF

DOMESTIC LIQUORS,

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Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,

**No. 315 Liberty Street.**

Dec. 6, 1871.-3m. *PITTSBURGH, PA.*

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law,* Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

JOHN P. LINTON, *Attorney-at-Law* Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, second story. Entrance on Franklin street.

**VINEGAR BITTERS**

**Vinegar Bitters** are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the Great Blood Purifier and a Life-giving Principle, a Perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition, enriching it, refreshing and invigorating both mind and body. They are easy of administration, prompt in their action, certain in their results, safe and reliable in all forms of disease.

**No Person can take these Bitters** according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

**Dyspepsia or Indigestion.** Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. In these complaints at has no equal, and one bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

**For Female Complaints,** in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible.

**For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism** and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

**They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic,** possessing also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, and in Bilious Diseases.

**For Skin Diseases,** Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

**Cleanse the Vitiated Blood** whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

**Grateful thousands** proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

**Pin, Tape, and other Worms,** lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist: There is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is entirely free from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

**Mechanical Diseases.** Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, will be subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS once or twice a week.

**Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers,** which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

**Scrofula, or King's Evil,** White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goiter, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc., etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

**Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters** act on all these cases in a similar manner. By purifying the Blood they remove the cause, and by resolving away the effects of the inflammation (the tubercular deposits) the affected parts receive health, and a permanent cure is effected.

**The properties** of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic and Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

**The Aperient** and mild Laxative properties of DR WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are the best safeguard in all cases of eruptions and malignant fevers, their balsamic, healing, and soothing properties protect the humors of the fauces. Their Sedative properties allay pain in the nervous system, stomach, and bowels, either from inflammation, wind, colic, cramps, etc. Their Counter-Irritant influence extends throughout the system. Their Diuretic properties act on the Kidneys, correcting and regulating the flow of urine. Their Anti-Bilious properties stimulate the liver, in the secretion of bile, and its discharges through the biliary ducts, and are superior to all remedial agents, for the cure of Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague, etc.

**Fortify the body against disease** by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fortified. The liver, the stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, and the nerves are rendered disease-proof by this great invigorant.

**Directions.**—Take of the Bitters on going to bed at night from a half to one and one-half wine-glassful. Eat good nourishing food, such as beef steak, mutton chop, venison, roast beef, and vegetables, and take out-door exercise. They are composed of purely vegetable ingredients, and contain no spirit.

J. WALKER, Prop'r. **R. H. McDONALD & CO.,** Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, Cal., and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., New York.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

**CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!**

**SAMPLE STREET,**

Near Union School House, Ebensburg.

THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,

**Spring Wagons, Sleighs,**

*And all other description of Work in that line.*

Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.

Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kinds attended to at reasonable rates. A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.

June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

**LORETTO MARBLE WORKS.**

**PRICES REDUCED!**

**And Work Warranted!**

MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS, made of the finest Italian Marble and in style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturer. Give me a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere. JAMES WILKINSON.

Loretto, April 22, 1871.-tf.

**LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!**

**131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.**

**JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.**

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, ANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

EBENSBURG

**WOOLEN FACTORY!**

HAVING introduced new machinery into our woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.

Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS,

**1323 Eleventh Avenue,**

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

WASHINGTON STREET,

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FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

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HARDWARE,
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IRON AND NAILS
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

EBENSBURG

**DRUG AND BOOK STORE.**

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;

*CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,*

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all k